As heaven had lent her all his grace:
with whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to inceſt did provoke:
Bad childe, worſe father, to entice his owne.
To evill ſhould be done by none:
But cuſtome, what they did begin,
Was with long uſe, accounted no ſinne,
The beauty of this ſinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To ſeeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleaſures, play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a Law,
To keepe her ſtill, and men in awe,
That who ſo askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, loſt his life:
So for her many of weight did die,
As yon grim lookes do teſtifie.
What enſues to the judgement of your eye,
I give my cauſe, who beſt can juſtifie. *Exit.*

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

*Ant.* Yong Prince of *Tyre*, you have at large received
The danger of the taske you under-take.
*Per.* I have (*Antiochus*) and with a ſoule emboldned
With the glory of her praiſe, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.
*Ant.* Muſicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, even of *Iove* himſelfe;
At whoſe conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her preſence,
The Senate houſe of Planets all did ſit,
To knit in her their beſt perfections.

*Enter Antiochus Daughter.*

*Per.* See where ſhe comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her ſubjects, and her thoughts the King,
Of every vertue gives renowne to men;

Her



Her face the booke of praiſes, w
Nothing but curious pleaſures,
Sorrow were ever rackt, and te
Could never be her milde comp
Yon gods that made me man, a
That have enflam'd deſire in my
To taſte the fruit of yon celeſtia
(Or die in the adventure) be n
As I am ſonne and ſervant to'y
To compaſſe ſuch a bondleſſe
*Anti.* Prince *Pericles*.
*Per.* That would be ſonne to
*Anti.* Before thee ſtands this
With golden fruit, but danger
For death like Dragons here a
Her face like heaven, enticeth
Her countleſſe glory, which d
And which without deſert, be
Preſumes to reach, all the wh
Yon ſometimes famous Princ
Drawne by report, adventure
Tell thee with ſpeechleſſe to
That without covering, ſave
Here they ſtand martyrs, ſlain
And with dead cheekes adviſ
For going on deaths net, wh
*Per. Antiochus* I thanke th
My fraile mortality to know
And by thoſe fearefull objec
This body, like to them, to
For death remembred, ſhou
Who tels us life's but breath
Ile make my will then, and
Who know the world, ſee
Gripe not at earthly joyes,
So I bequeathe a happy pea
And all good men, as every

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